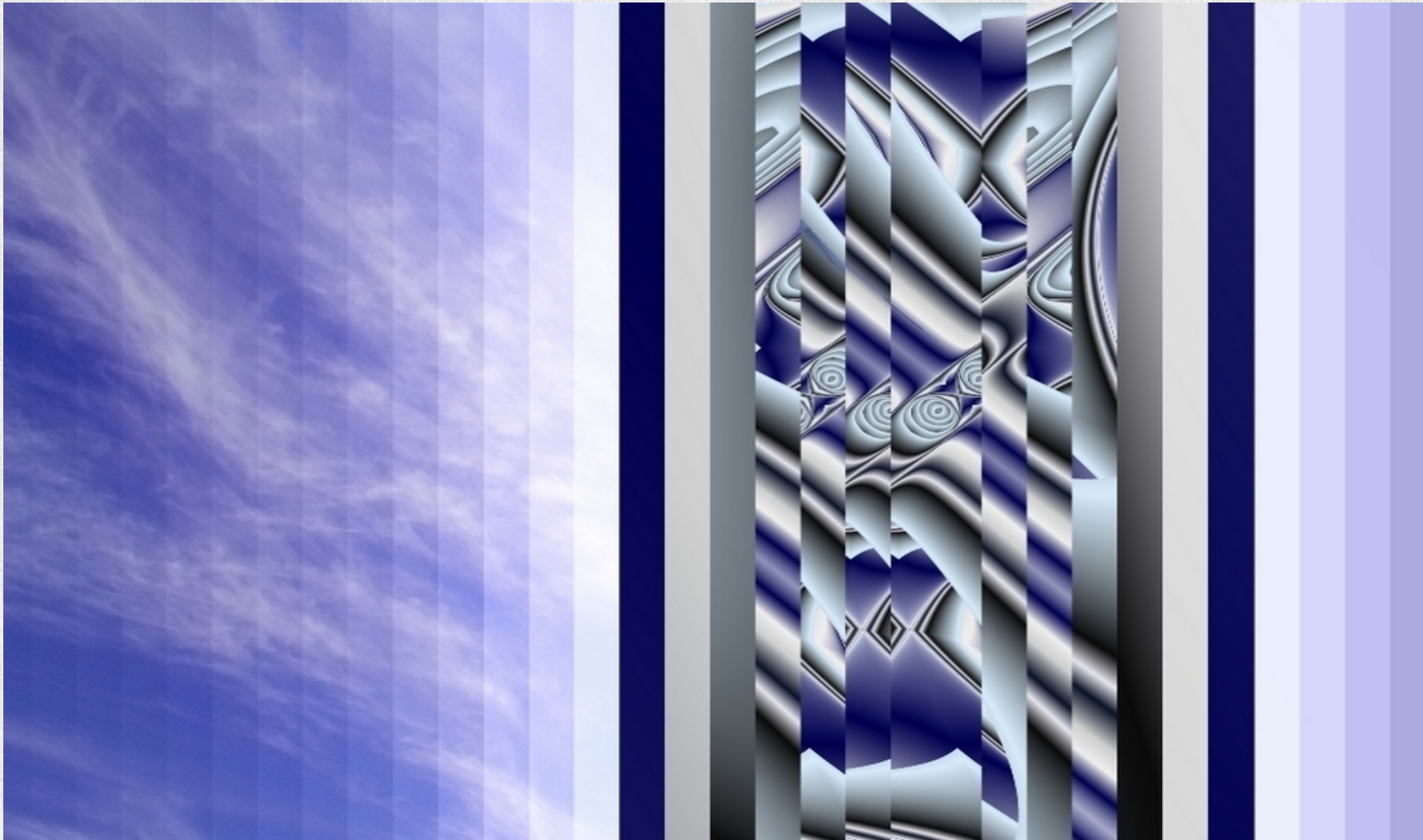


2 morfers



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there are two quotes from charles baudelaire in this piece. it was baudelaire who was the first poet to give utopia a headache, and these lines were written in baltimore, capital of the 19th century.

anyone, provided he is entertaining, has the right to talk to himself.

we need, only crudely, the weight of seeing, resting on the eyes the mornings leave a star.

an increment, a small occasion—the star is in the glass, to shiver, to splinter.

strung into the countdown to the thought balloon over my head and back to the circles i saw in your mouth, the inner orbit to the outer workings, why writing actually works to remain a subject. the line between talking.

to make what was written "work from six o'clock in the morning, fasting at midday. to work blindly without aim, like a madman. we shall see the results." of or for a day.

the rays of the harp, the strings of the sun, like marks on paper,

an anagram for blue,

a malleable impulse, a world to unfold in wood. morphemes and honey at work

the states and the proposals and the row. the shining series, the rest of the present, they fold to dimension/always arriving, always arriving with a screen, a system. where you want to send us burning with your beautiful directions breaking and glancing.

the rest of the present, the circuit of their reach. a gloss as in a commentary. the shining passage outside the lines. out as sight, following breath, forgotten in the rows.

"ecstasy is a number." what you're looking at is rearranged blue.

catching breath, dreaming deserts, the city is sweat and silver. the wet light.

the poetry of departure.

adhesive to aerial, or the real.

a second picture—they sense movement.

tree architecture. waking and we carry the present.

the last proposal is to carry out the validity of the others you leave of the model to need or meld or leave out. shaking white, peel blue, peel the surface, remarking paper. rush ahead of the speaking.

the ice gestures as illustration—the office of amnesia. the second part is missing.

among the cries of an afterword the color scheme is the coming year with all the commentaries on it.

the lower box of the last lubricant.

to grasp the stakes, to haunt us in the hand.

preceding forms of
the present, eye of the
sun office of
amnesia discontent
in the current of eye and expansion. an obsession with edges. the scheme of a sun song
a photography.

the anniversary of our amnesia.

drawing trees & the ambiguity of trees. where are they on the line?

a dissolve
or 2x hello
or a bad hello
a regimen, a schwa, pure menagerie oil.

the problems raised
the right hand
the sound and
the spectrum exist
the spring and
the twin black
the way, is over the whole cancerous mass the—permanent—crisis their expression their instrument
expression of their acting on the surface.
note them as having.
them as if they were. anything but over.

them use fractal
them, which, itself, use
them. for instance,
them.

i don't know them.

let fall the glide, the long lube, the intermediate. reading the script, trip up the steps. here is so crowded and you are so ringing, and speaking in a room full of correspondence and accidance.

